Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY CHARLES KNOWLES BOLTON.

On autumn days
A mellow haze
Perfumes the languid air;
And floats
O'er tasseled corn and waving oats,
And vineyards fair.

O'er hill and dale
A purple veil
Of dainty lace, it seems;
And charms
The picturesque New England farms,
And tranquil streams.

On mountain snows
It seeks repose,
Or in the verdant dell;
It lies
Beneath the twilight's golden skies,
On sea and fell.

Its origin
Has often been
The theme of legend art;
And still,
Perchance, an Indian sometimes will
This tale impart:

"When all the grain
From frost and rain
Is safe for winter days,
And bare
And shorn, the hill-side every-where,
Of yellow maize,

"There sits before
His wigwam door
Great Manabozho, ruler he
Of all
The prairied West, and lakes, we call
The inland sea.

"He sees the land,
From grain of sand,
He fashioned for his own;
And here
The rippled, blue-faced water, dear
Companion grown.

"Contentment now
Upon his brow,
He murmurs, 'It is good,'
And takes
His corn-cob pipe and fills, and makes
A fire of wood.

"A living coal
Within the bowl
He puts, and smokes the pipe
Of peace;
That long prosperity increase,
With harvests ripe.

"O'er dells and dales
His breath exhales
The perfumed smoke for days."
'Tis thus,
The legend says, there comes to us
The autumn haze.

COUSIN GERTRUDE'S STORY.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

Part II.

"So engrossed was I by the many suggestions started by these chance words which reached my ears that I scarcely noticed our visitor's departure. But for once I held my tongue, and at the tea-table listened indifferently to George's talk about a base-ball match and paid little heed to my mother's conversation. I was going over and over in my mind the words I had overheard, deciding that the Bences were in some awful business trouble, and I was filled with the desire to know all about it and show my mother that even if she and George tried to have secrets from me I was smart enough to find them out for myself. Understand that I really loved the Bences and felt grateful to them for all their many acts of kindness, but my habit of wanting to know every thing about other people's affairs was apt to fill my mind to the exclusion of worthier sentiments, and I now cast about for some way of satisfying my curiosity and proving that my own brilliancy made me more than a match for the rest of the household.

"Chance favored my designs. Among the people who had recognized my mother's social worth and overlooked the fact that she was a small store-keeper was the same Mrs. Montgomery of whom I have spoken. She was a widow, and with her daughter, a girl of my own age, lived at the bank, where she kept house for her brother, an elderly bachelor. To visit Kate Montgomery was a delight only equal to visiting the Bences. The house, which was part of the bank itself, satisfied all my ideal of dignity and a romantic sort of seclusion. It had been built in the early part of the century, when width and space were considered better than exterior adornment, and its large rooms, wide hallways, and solemn-looking staircases had a peculiar attraction for me. Besides this it was a very 'grown-up' sort of visit for me when I went there. Kate and I usually sat in a fine large room on the second story overlooking the garden, and Mrs. Montgomery frequently brought in her work and joined in our conversation. She was a prudent mother like my own, and without appearing to check our flow of youthful spirits certainly contrived to know the drift of our conversations, and no doubt kept us frequently from dangerous topics. The day after Mrs. Bence's visit I was invited to pass an afternoon at the bank and took my work-basket, looking forward with great relish to a pleasant two or three hours to be passed in that fascinating house.

Kate came flying to meet me saying that her uncle, Mr. Montgomery, had arrived. He was a business man in Bos-

ton, and his visits were sources of great delight to us, since he always brought a box of presents for Kate, and I as her particular friend was never forgotten. He was up stairs in the sitting-room I have mentioned, and when I had laid aside my things he made me very happy by the present of a chip bonnet precisely such as he had brought for Kate. We tried them on, found them delightfully becoming, and it was while we were still surveying ourselves in the long mirror that I heard Kate's uncle say to his sister,

" 'I really don't know what to do about that order for bonnets; something I heard makes me a little afraid to trust it to Bence & Co.'

"Here was an opportunity for distinguishing myself. I turned swiftly, and with the most important air exclaimed,

" 'O, I am *sure* the Bences are in a great deal of business trouble, for Mrs. Bence came to see my mother about it last night. However,' I added, consequentially, 'they *may* weather it through.'

"Years afterward I learned that the Montgomerys were shocked at the indiscretion of my speech, but my tidings were certainly of importance to Mr. Montgomery, who was on the point of giving an unusually large order to the factory. I went on to say, recalling some further fragments of the conversation I had overheard,

" 'But I don't suppose they want it known, for I know Mrs. Bence said something about not letting their creditors get hold of it.'

"Mr. Montgomery listened to my careless speech with an expression which at this moment I can distinctly recall, just as I can the pleasant room with its windows opened to the spring sunshine, Kate's figure and my own reflected in the mirror, youth, light-heartedness, and pleasure in each other's society showing in our faces and our clasped hands. A long time was to elapse before I was as happy or free from care as on that eventful afternoon, and so the recollection of it never can be any thing but vivid down to its minutest details, whether of incident or conversation. What I did not know then was that Mr. Montgomery stood in the relation of creditor as well as customer to the Bences; and it was quite true that one of the phases of the panic had already influenced Mr. Bence's trade, but, as any business man will understand, by keeping his affairs strictly to himself no disaster need follow. In this silence there would be nothing dishonorable, although an acknowledgment that danger threatened might produce the crash. Whatever Mr. Montgomery thought of my indiscretion he merely said,

" 'It may be well for me to investigate this.'

"And turning away with very evident annoyance both in look and manner he left the room.

"I would not have you suppose that I was without feeling or some instinct which showed me that perhaps I had gone too far. Still I had not the courage nor perhaps the inclination to go home and tell my mother what I had said. The rest of the afternoon passed very agreeably. Kate and I had white ribbons with which to trim our pretty new bonnets. Mrs. Montgomery helped us, and we laughed and talked gayly over our pleasant work. But at the tea-table I was quick to perceive that both Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Shipwell seemed preoccupied. The latter had taken so little notice of me during the first portion of the meal that I was cheered when he suddenly addressed me, looking up from his plate and saying, in a serious tone of voice,

" 'Gertrude, did you say that Mrs. Bence was with your mother last night?'

" 'Yes, sir;' I answered, and looking across the table at Mr. Montgomery, I added, 'As I told Mr. Montgomery she was in a great deal of trouble.'

"No more was said, and I went home little thinking the mischief I had caused.

"My mother seemed unusually pleased to see me. She embraced me tenderly and led me at once into the little parlor where we had had so many pleasant evenings before my feeling that I was shut out had begun. Two important-looking papers lay upon the table, with a letter addressed to my mother, while George with our bank-books before him was waiting for me with a beaming countenance.

" 'You must forgive us, my darling,' said my mother, when, the lamp being made to burn more brightly, we three were assembled in our usual places, 'if I have seemed to keep any good news from you, but' (my mother's cheeks flushed a little and I well divined that she was trying to spare me any pain) 'I had to be very careful what I said about a project I have had lately in view. You know,' she went on, 'I have never wanted to consider the business we are in as more than a temporary matter, and now that you and George are able to study to great advantage my new prospects are all the more delightful. Mrs. Western, the lady who has such a superior school for girls in New Haven, has written urging me to reconsider the proposition she made at the time of your father's death, and which from lack of means I could not accept. This was to join her in the school as a partner in the business of her establishment. Now, thanks to our little money-box and all our economies,' said mother, laughingly, 'it can be done and we will really begin life over again. These are the papers I am to seal, sign, and deliver, and next week, please God, will see us in a delightful home of our own, and you are to take Kate Montgomery with you as a friend and school companion.'

"The effect of this announcement was to send me dashing to my mother's side, my arms around her neck, while I nearly cried for joy! This indeed was a dream worth realizing, and with the quick impulses of youth visions of our delightful future fairly danced before my eyes. As mother said presently we could feel so independent! With her three thousand dollars saved for just such an hour as this, she could take her place with Mrs. Western on terms of complete equality, and it was then for the first time that I learned how uncongenial in many ways had been my mother's trade. Not that she then or at any time despised labor, but that the work necessary to make the store a success had shut out of her life and ours so many elements which she always enjoyed. Now this was to be at an end.

"We were still talking over our joyful prospects when a very late customer appeared, more to give us a piece of news than to make her little purchase, I imagined.

" 'I thought you'd be up to Mrs. Bence's,' said the woman, 'seeing as he had the stroke.'

" 'What do you mean?' exclaimed my mother.

" 'Why, aint you heard?' the woman answered, with the alacrity so many people feel in being the first to tell unpleasant news. 'Mr. Bence had a stroke of paralysis just about tea-time.'

"My mother's cheek blanched. She put down the box of collars she was opening, and leaving me to finish the transaction she went away, whispering to me that George and I had better not sit up for her.

"Still, when we found ourselves alone the double excitement of the evening kept us wide awake, and for two hours we discussed this enchanting future which lay in a golden mist before us, while every now and then we checked our hilarity to lament poor Mr. Bence's illness.

"I think now that were I to close my eyes I could hear again the sound of my mother's footfall as it came along the passage-way unexpectedly about eleven o'clock. I was sitting with my back to the door at the center table, and so I did not see her until she was fully in the room, facing me indeed in the full glow of the lamp-light. But I had already detected something strange in the sound of her step. It was weary, halting, and yet impatient, but the change in her outward aspect startled me as I looked at her so that I uttered involuntarily a little cry of dismay. All the life and energy and hopefulness seemed to have died away out of her dear familiar face, leaving it like the ghost of what I called my mother. She sat down in the chair facing me without speaking, and dropped her nerveless hands upon the table in front of her.

" 'Mother!' exclaimed George, 'what is the matter? Is Mr. Bence dead?'

"My mother answered very gently, but without looking at him,

"'No, dear; I hope he is a little better—but, George, would you mind leaving me alone with Gertrude for a few moments?'

"He went away subdued, no doubt, and silenced as I was by something in my mother's manner, and as soon as we were alone she looked at me in a way that I never can forget. The tenderness of the mother's heart was there, no doubt, for nothing could ever alter that, but it was pierced through and through by something in me which I felt that she despised.

"'Gertrude,' she said, wearily, 'my child, what have you done! What has your sinful carelessness of speech brought to our best friends—nay, indeed, to our very door!'

"'Mother,' I cried, 'what in the world do you mean?'

"And then she told me. She had hastened up to Mrs. Bence's house full of tender solicitude and anxiety to show her sympathy, and was shocked to discover that Mrs. Bence met her with a chilling repulse. After some time she wrung from her the cause of this sudden change in her manner, and it ensued that Mr. Montgomery, acting on the suggestions I in my worse than folly had made to him, had started the investigations of which he spoke, and in so doing roused the very persons who were Mr. Bence's enemies in his trade. Before night-fall any hope of getting through this hard time was at an end. A stormy scene with a creditor who never would have been cheated by Mr. Bence, but who had it in his power to ruin him by pushing a claim just then, had ended in the stroke of paralysis which now threatened our good friend's life! Ruin in a business way was now inevitable.

"While I listened to my mother every drop of blood in my veins seemed slowly to be turning into ice, yet when she had ended I buried my face in my hands, bursting into a passion of tears.

"'Weeping will not cure the mischief you have done,' I heard my mother's voice saying in sterner tones than I had ever heard from those gentle lips, 'nor is the end of the trouble here, for now, of course, Gertrude, all our bright prospects are at an end. To-morrow morning I will place in my lawyer's hands every farthing we possess, to be used for Mr. Bence without my name being mentioned in the matter, and all our household goods and the stock shall be mortgaged for the same end.'

"I cannot give you all the details of the wretched days that followed. My mother's resolution once taken, no argument our lawyer could use moved her in her determination, but she succeeded in withholding her name from the transaction. Mr. Bence was saved, and without knowing at what cost.

As for myself, I leave you to imagine the despair into which all this plunged me. Had George uttered one word of reproach, or had my mother not been wise enough to see that my remorse was my punishment, I think I must have died. At all events, the weeks and months of that summer were miserable to me beyond description, for I felt keenly not alone that I had blighted our little household, but that I had been wickedly dishonorable. It was bitter enough to see my mother toil late and early, to renew our economies on an even greater scale, and to talk no more of an enchanted future. But added to all this was a strange coldness between the Montgomerys and Bences and ourselves. Many a long hot afternoon have I walked past the familiar bank house or the Bence's pleasant dwelling stricken to the heart's core by the feeling that through fault of mine those once hospitable door-ways stood closed. Kate spent much of the summer away, but even on her return in the autumn it was evident that her mother preferred our friendship should not exist.

"Things had gone on in this way one whole sad year, when my mother without giving her reasons went up one spring afternoon to the bank house asking to see Mr. Shipwell on business. I learned later that she told him in confidence just what she had done and the struggle she had seen I was making to keep up a cheerful front. Something in my life or manner—perhaps an improvement in my conduct more marked than I myself was aware of—must have touched my mother very deeply, for she was otherwise too proud a woman to have asked a favor that she did; that is, that I be reinstated as Kate's chosen friend. And Mr. Shipwell quickly enough understood and appreciated my mother's bravery and generosity in this. When an invitation to spend a few days at the bank house came in June you may be sure my heart leaped for joy, and also that when it was accepted there was no carelessness of speech to mar the pleasure of the occasion.

"If Mr. Bence lived and died ignorant of my mother's purse at that time of his trouble, his wife knew it all later. When I was beginning my seventeenth year my dear mother fell ill, and on her death-bed thought it wise to tell her old friend enough of the story to prove my penitence and her own desire to set the wrong I had done right. All coldness between the two was therefore forgotten, and the bitterness of our orphan state was soothed so far as it could be by my mother's first friends in R——, who felt that honor enough could not be shown the memory of so generous minded a woman. It was strange to find both Mr. Shipwell and Mrs. Bence contending for the right to adopt us as their own, and it ended in George's going to live at the bank house, while I went to Mrs. Bence's, beginning school-life again daily with Kate Montgomery.

"'And now you see, children,' concluded Cousin Gertrude, 'how it is that I came into the possession of property I fain would have shared with my dear, patient mother. Mrs. Bence left to me a little fortune at her death, and then I took up my home at the bank house, Kate and I keeping house for her old uncle until his death, and Kate, as I have called her, is really your cousin Sylvia, Dick's mother. Can you not understand how I shrink from any thing like mischief-making with the tongue? If I had my own way no word that could wound or harm or trouble any heart or character or life ever should be uttered—but it isn't my way,' said Cousin Gertrude, 'it's just God's way—the way he meant we all should live, setting the guard about our lips. Don't you know what the Gospel of the first Sunday after Easter says? That no guile could be found in His mouth. It's all a habit easily acquired with these words for our example.'"

Cousin Gertrude's story was ended. The storm had cleared away, and Dick and I looked at each other, drawing a long sigh—and then we smiled in each other's faces. It was funny to think that Dick all the time belonged to a story! But it seemed to me while I listened to our cousin's narration that I never could say any thing that would make mischief, and now with a burning blush and sense of bewilderment I recalled my utterances of the afternoon before! What might not follow my indiscreet remarks? But my cousin had read in my face what was troubling me. She held out her hand with a smile.

"You need not be afraid, Molly," she said, "that your thoughtless speech yesterday can do any harm, although but for my taking it up quickly a great deal of misery might have ensued. I called at Mrs. Brown's this morning and explained to her that you had wholly misunderstood what Mrs. Matthews meant in speaking of her cousin's visit. You would have given the impression that the visit had been a great bother and annoyance, whereas the fact was, she was only sorry it had not occurred at a time more favorable for his enjoyment. Thank fortune! we found it out in time to save a great deal of trouble. And now as the dinner-bell may ring any minute, I must leave you, for, as you know, Mr. Montgomery, as I called him—otherwise Uncle Jack Bowen—will be here at two o'clock."

O, WHEREFORE sigh for what is gone,
Or deem the future all a night?
From darkness through the rosy dawn
The stars go shining into light.
And to the pilgrim lone and gray
One thought shall come to cheer his breast:
The evening sun but fades away
To find new morning in the west.—*T. B. Read.*

DAISY NURSES.

THE daisies white are nursery maids,
With frills upon their caps;
And daisy buds are little babes
They tend upon their laps.
Sing "Heigh-ho!" while the winds sweep low,
Both nurses and babies are nodding—just so.

The daisy babies never cry,
The nurses never scold;
They never crush the dainty frills
About their cheeks of gold.
But prim and white, in gay sunlight,
They're nid-nid nodding! O, pretty sight!

The daisies love the golden sun
Up in the clear blue sky;
He gazes kindly down at them,
And winks his jolly eye,
While soft and slow, all in a row,
Both nurses and babies are nodding—just so.

—*Treasure Trove.*

NO.*

A Serial Story.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER XXII.

YES, Mimy's words had come true—Jack had "gone down like a ninepin." He had literally "fallen" in love. Heretofore he had thought his mother's eyes the most beautiful in the world, and was glad that both Anne and Alice inherited them, but now blue was "your only wear." Blue was his color—he wondered that any other tint was ever admired; and hair like that! words could not express his admiration of it. He began in all his leisure hours to haunt the green inclosure opposite which Mr. Blythe's house stood; he lingered for hours on the granite steps that led into that shadowed and cool breathing place for the city, in hope of seeing her light figure enter her carriage or flit by a window. When she came to the bank Jack flew to open the door for her, either on her entrance or exit, tingling with bliss if she looked at him; and she did look after a time, for such eager devotion could not escape her notice. Then she smiled, and our poor boy felt as if the sun shone into his dingy surroundings; that smile filled his thoughts by day and his dreams by night. In short, this Jack, who had been developing into a steady, hard-working, sensible fellow, became a fool for the time. Frank Sherman laughed at and teased him immoderately, but Jack scarce heard his witticisms, and when one evening they were invited to a small party at Mr. Gray's house, and Jack was actually introduced to Miss Blythe, radiant in a white dress that looked like wings to her adorer, though it was only silk, Frank drew him aside for a moment.

"Jack!" said he, "don't make an idiot of yourself about that girl so openly. *Do* look at somebody or something else! You make a sensation; give us a rest, old boy."

Jack colored hotly. He had only one idea in his mind in these days; there was but one person in the world to him, and to be so roughly shaken up astonished him; he was not an egotist, he had not been taught to consider how he appeared to the world, but rather what he was in himself, and he recognized now the fact that even in our outward aspect something is due of respect and consideration to our friends and society. It was a good lesson, so he devoted himself for the next hour to Miss Ellen Gray, Mr. Gray's daughter, a plain, sensible girl ten years older than Jack; but after supper he had an opportunity to converse with Jessie Blythe, and thought he had earned the indulgence. Unfortunately, those red lips uttered many things he did not agree with.

"O how stupid an evening is without dancing!" Miss Jessie said behind her fan, in a confidential tone. "Don't you think so, Mr. Boyd?"

"O no!" answered Jack, looking at her with eyes that said, "Stupid! beside you!" but his words were, "Perhaps that is because I don't dance."

"Don't dance! O, how can you exist? Really life would be a burden to me if I couldn't dance. What do you do with yourself evenings?"

"I read a good deal; and then there are the weekly church meetings, and the Chautauqua Circle, and—"

"O my! You're one of the sober sort, I see. What do you do at parties?"

"I don't often go, and then I look on, or some one is kind enough to talk with me," said Jack, with an expressive little bow.

"Dear me! You must learn how to dance, and come to my germans; I'm going to have three germans this winter. They're just heavenly, germans are; and I brought home with me such lovely things from Paris for favors. You will enjoy it so much!"

"I'm too old to learn dancing, I'm afraid."

"O, not a bit! Just go to old Maillard and take private lessons; he is *such* a good teacher!—the best in the city. I shall depend on you; now remember! O, there's pa. Good-night. Call and see me," and with a bewitching sidelong look from her blue eyes, and a bright, swift smile, this angel disappeared.

Jack's brain was in a whirl. He had never wanted to dance before, but the idea was full of rapture now; nothing but Monsieur Maillard's high price for private lessons delayed his acquisition of the accomplishment. Really he could not afford it—that is, if he continued to send Miss Jessie the bouquets that were delivered at her door so often, quite anonymously.

But he did call on her, again and again; and she was one of those young women who are all graciousness and cordiality to every young man they see. Fonder of herself than of any earthly or heavenly thing—admiration more than finery even—Miss Jessie Blythe had an empty head and a cold heart, under her great beauty. The idea in life was to "have a good time," as she expressed it; and she carried out that idea with a single-mindedness that applied to better things might have made her something of a woman. But to Jack's eyes, as well as to many another man's, her fascination of look and manner was so great that she seemed to have all the qualities she really lacked.

When Jack went home at Christmas his mother soon noticed his entirely listless and abstracted manner; she thought at first he was not well, but he had no other symptoms of illness. Her bright, cheerful, resolute boy had come back to her a silent, moody, absorbed man.

Mimy's eyes were sharp, too.

"You no need to coddle him now, Mis' Boyd," she said, sharply, as Manice was busy in the kitchen preparing a favorite dish for her boy.

"I dassay he'll eat it—men gener'ly possess their stomicks in patience, ef they don't their souls; but you wont feed him out o' this slew. I know what's the matter of him; I've seen 'em before. He's bewitched with some girl or 'nuther, and I mistrust it aint Miss Right neither, or he wouldn't be so glum. You wait a spell, and he'll tell ye; boys that is fetched up like yourn always come home to their mas to be comforted. That's where you've got a hold on 'em, and a good grip, too."

Manice was startled at the idea, but she said nothing to Jack; she well knew such things would not bear handling. And the very next night, after she (and indeed all the rest) had gone up to bed, there came a low knock at her chamber door, which she recognized. She rose from her knees to let him in; for she had been pouring out her soul to God,

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in all the earnestness of a mother's yearning affection, for her boy.

"Mother," said Jack, "put out the lamp, please, and let me sit down on the floor by you; I want to talk." So with one hand in hers and his head resting on her knee, as had always been his fashion, he opened his heart to his mother and told her all.

It was not much to tell, but it made Manice ache to see how much it meant to Jack.

"My dear boy," she said, gently, at the first pause, "do you think this young lady returns your feeling at all?"

"O! that's the worst of it!" he exclaimed. "I wish I could tell! O mother, she is so angelic to every body that I can't take encouragement to myself."

Manice went on to ask a few questions, knowing that speech is a great safety-valve at times.

"Is she a cultivated sort of a girl, Jack? Tell me all about her."

"O I don't know, mother. She's been educated abroad. I suppose she is; she doesn't talk about it, but of course she is."

"Where have you seen her most?"

"I go there pretty often—to her father's, I mean; but then she is out most of the time. She goes to a great many parties; every body invites her, and no wonder! O if you could only see her, mammy!" and off Jack went into a rhapsody about hair, and eyes, and face, and voice, and manners, quite too long for edification here; but Manice listened with maternal patience, and then put another quiet question:

"Does she belong to your reading circle?"

"O no; she doesn't need to, I suppose. She'd rather dance, and no wonder! You ought to see her dance; it's like a bird in the air. She wanted me to learn, but I thought I wouldn't. She likes flowers."

This irrelevant little statement puzzled Manice; she did not know just why Jack "thought he wouldn't" learn dancing; but she made no comment.

"Is she a religious girl, at all?"

"I don't know," said Jack, meditatively. It evidently had not occurred to him before; his voice had a surprised tone. Manice's heart sank; she must say something to her boy that he would not like to hear, and it was hard to say it.

"Where does she go to church, Jack?"

"O to Grace, I believe. I think she does. But she don't go often, I guess. I have heard her say she was always so glad when Sunday came because she could rest all day; she goes out so much, you see, during the week."

Jack's tone was a little apologetic; he began to see his idol through other, calmer eyes, undazzled by the glamour of her beauty. Manice went on, her own voice trembling a little:

"My dear Jack, is it for your good—no, I wont take the lower motive!—is it *right*, for you to marry a girl who is not a Christian?"

Jack lifted his head from her knee and withdrew his hand.

"I don't think it is wrong! Lots of people do it!"

"But for you? I do not ask about any body else. Is it right for *you*, Jack?"

"Well, I don't certainly know but that she is a Christian; some people are who don't talk about it."

Manice felt baffled, but brave.

"Find out, my Jack. If she is not, just sit down for one hour by yourself, and try to draw a picture of your future life tied to a wife who could not think, feel, or believe as you do; with whom you could have no sympathy and no help in the great aim and hope of your existence. Ask yourself honestly and plainly the Scripture question, '*Can* two walk together, except they be agreed?' and if you come to a conclusion that it is *not* right to put yourself in so equivocal a relation, then, my boy, then will come the time for you to say 'No' with all the resolution of your nature, and the help of your God, to the severest temptation you have ever met. If this conclusion is one you will not accept, if you can consider it right to make your life a long disagreement with one who ought to be the very heart of your heart, then all I can do will be to pity and pray for you."

Manice stopped; a hot tear fell on Jack's hand.

Could she tell him what her own life had been? She had become a Christian after her marriage with Walter Boyd, and, deeply as she had loved him, she could not but own to herself that their paths had separated when hers turned toward heaven. She was a more devoted wife and mother than ever, but there was no thought of interest in her spiritual life that she could share with her husband; no private or household prayer in which he could join or lead; her hopes, her joy, her faith, were nothing to him; he could not but acknowledge their influence over her life, but there was no Christian communion between them, and no reunion in that hereafter to which he so suddenly and hopelessly departed to which she could look forward through her streaming tears; no example to which she could point their children; no recollection which was sweet; no honor to decorate his memory, for he had neither been true to God nor to her; all that was left her was to draw a veil over her past, and commit herself to the widow's God for time and eternity. As all this came back to her anew, the hot and heavy tears dropped slowly one by one on Jack's hand, as it lay withdrawn from hers; they felt to him like drops of heart's blood, for he guessed that they had to do with memories of which she had never spoken to him.

Suddenly, in the dark, she felt his arms thrown about her, and his hot lips on her forehead.

"I *will* think!" he whispered. "Pray for me, mother"—and he was gone.

Sobs that could no longer be repressed shook Manice's heart. She fell on her knees again and sought calmness from the Source of peace, but it was gray dawn when she slept at last, and that morning Jack went back to his work, and his battle.

[*To be continued.*]

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

BY EMMA DIXON.

THE Crystal Palace? Is it the home of the fairies, created by the genii, as fabled in so much of the folk-lore of the Old World, or is it a modern palace, such as any capital in Europe can boast?

Well, seen from a distance of two or three miles on a fine summer's evening, with the rays of the setting sun shimmering and glancing over transept and tower, this veritable palace of the nineteenth century rivals in its dazzling splendor any palace of fairy lore. Yes, it is a creation of the genii—the genii of science; for only science could teach how to rear a building of such height, such extreme lightness, roofing over such vast spaces, the whole composed of slender iron pillars and girders painted blue, and sheets of clear glass. These cover in a space 1,600 feet long by rather more than 300 wide, crowning an eminence of gently rising ground, the slopes of which are laid out in gardens as unique as the palace itself. No mere mortal sovereign rules and reigns here; it is in truth like the fabled palaces of old, the home of the fairies—the fairies Music, Painting, Sculpture, and their sister arts.

In a word, it is the people's palace, designed for the benefit of those who have neither time nor means for foreign travel or study. Under this vast roof are gathered typical bits from all nations and all ages. All is reproduced here with life-like exactness in the different courts into which the palace is divided. Our space will allow us to describe only two or three of these, and we will take the last mentioned to begin with. Walking up a short avenue of lions, brought from the Nile, we enter the open area of the Egyptian court.

Here is an attempt to represent on a small scale, exact in form, in proportion, in every thing but height and bulk, the pillars of the great temple of Karnak as they originally stood.

Our model contains three rows of eight pillars each, twenty feet high, and five feet in diameter. The original colonnade contains nine rows of sixteen pillars each, forty-seven feet high and ten feet six inches in diameter, but still the intelligent visitor may judge what a solemnly grand building this roofless cathedral must have been, from what is here reproduced. Along the wall are ranged statues of Rameses II., the great conqueror and hero of Egypt. There is no reason to doubt that the statues remaining of Rameses are portraits. They all have certain characteristics not to be mistaken—a long face, a rounded tip to the nose, a drooping under lip, and a serene, grand expression, which seems to say, "I am Pharaoh."

The painting of the Egyptians was no less extraordinary than their architecture. Their writing was painting, and all down the front of the statues of Rameses is a vertical line of this writing—figures of birds, beetles, wasps, eyes, knives, quivers, and other objects, forming so many words—the titles of the great conqueror. There is round the architrave another specimen of this painting-writing, a little bit of modern English, done into ancient Egyptian, of which we give a literal translation. "In the seventeenth year of the reign of her majesty, the ruler of the waves, the royal daughter Victoria, lady most gracious, the chiefs, architects, sculptors, and painters erected this palace and gardens, with a thousand columns, a thousand decorations, a thousand statues of chiefs and ladies, a thousand trees, a thousand flowers, a thousand birds and beasts, a thousand fountains, and a thousand vases. The architects, sculptors, and painters built this place as a book for the instruction of men and women of all countries, regions, and districts. May it be prosperous!"

There is a good deal more of this writing on the walls of the court—copies of Egyptian tablets. At one end Shishak is striking down two of his enemies; on another wall is a pinioned figure, and his name is *Judah Melika*, or kingdom of Judah, and is a record of the taking of that kingdom mentioned in 1 Kings 14. 25. The face of the figure has a wonderfully Jewish look.

We cannot stay even to glance at all there is in this court, but must pass on from ancient Egypt to ancient Greece.

The main portion of the Greek court is a representation of an *agora*, a market-place, but also used for festivals, political meetings, and other assemblies. The Doric pillars here are copied from those of the temple at Nemea, except that they are reduced to just one half the originals; the proportions, however, are exactly preserved. The frieze above the pillars is from the monument of Thrasalus at Athens. Around this frieze are inscribed in ancient Greek letters the names of the great men of Greece—generals, poets, philosophers—Homer, Solon, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Pericles. Here is also a model of one of the world's wonders—the Parthenon, the temple of the goddess Athena. There is also a model of the Acropolis, and casts of all the world-renowned statues of ancient Greece.

We cannot, however, describe one half of what is patterned here on wall, ceiling, and floor, but must pass on to the Roman court. The center of the area here is not occupied with statues as in Greece. The ancient Romans were warriors and men of business, and it is fitting that their empire should be represented by models of the great structures that formed the lasting glory of the Eternal City. On one hand is the Forum, modeled as it now exists; on the other are the Pantheon and Colosseum, not in their ruined state, but perfect as when crowds thronged the latter to witness the combat of men and animals. All the famous Roman statues are ranged round the walls here.

But interesting and even beautiful as these courts are, they pale before the vision of loveliness that greets us as we step into the next. Instead of chastened Greek elegance or heavy Roman magnificence, we see slender golden pillars, bright colors, yet so blended that none predominates, but a sweet bloom is spread over all. This is the Alhambra court from the great palace which the Moors erected in Spain, and a splendid type of Moorish architecture.

The Ralat Alhambra, or red castle, was the citadel of Granada, and among other buildings which the citadel contained was a group of courts, halls, and residences, forming together the "royal house." We have here a reconstruction of one of the courts, two of the halls, and one of the living rooms as they appeared after they were re-adorned by the Moorish king Yusuf I. in 1348.

The Hall of Abencerrages is one of the most beautiful designs in all the range of art. The gradual transition from the column to the arch, and from the arch to the dome, and the growth of the sixteen-sided dome out of the four-sided room are altogether unique, and the gayly colored, but exquisitely blended, stalactite forms add much to the beauty of this dome. To stand beneath it on a summer afternoon when the sun is shining through the stained-glass windows in the top is to fancy one's self in Aladdin's palace, or the fairy realms of old.

The Alhambra court is placed within the tropical department, so that passing out of this Oriental splendor of architecture one finds one's self in a garden that is a fit and proper adjunct to such a scene. A marble-edged basin occupies the center of this garden, and the fountain, supported by four figures, typify the four great families into which the human race are divided—the white, the brown, the red, and the black. The gigantic tree ferns round the fountain basins, and the bananas, are very splendid specimens of tropical vegetation. Ranged around are fine samples of the date palm, the fan palm, the wine and umbrella palms, bamboos, India rubber plants, sago plants, a cabbage palm, Japanese fruit-trees, to say nothing of hanging-baskets of flowers and borders and beds of brilliant blooming plants, and in keeping with this strange vegetation there is here a collection of tropical birds.

Crossing this garden, we retrace our steps on the other side of the palace, through a series of courts illustrative of Christian architecture. This cannot be divided into nations as the pagan has been, but must be taken in periods, and the first of these is illustrated in the Byzantine court. It was in Byzantium, the city of Constantine, that Christianity was first declared to be the religion of the world, and in this court are gathered the earliest examples of Christian art. Lombard and Romanesque, Rhenish and Norman, are all closely allied, and have many characteristics in common. There are round arches, short massive pillars, a profusion of surface ornaments, and uncouth sculpture of the living form. The cloister, which runs round three sides of the court, is copied from St. John Lateran at Rome. There are door-ways from Anglo-Norman churches, ancient crosses from Ireland, and painting in exact imitation of the mosaics at Ravenna. There are also some recumbent effigies of historic interest, and casts from the tombs of Knights Templar.

Passing through a vestibule devoted to the illustration of German mediæval architecture, we enter the English mediæval court through a splendid door-way of Rochester Cathedral of 1352. The quaintly carved figure-heads, introduced amid the colored tracery which ornaments the arch, show the grotesque spirit which pervaded English Gothic; and the rich profusion of color and gold so harmoniously blended prove that all the ingenuity that man could devise and the grandest efforts of his mind were devoted pre-eminently to the services of religion. The early English style is here illustrated by door-ways from Lincoln and Melton. The decorated, which succeeded it, is much more ornamented, and the sculpture of the figures, and especially of the foliage, is most beautiful. Its examples are a great double door-way from Tintern Abbey, the Easter Sepulcher from Hawton, sedilia from Southwell, monuments and niches from York, bosses from Lincoln, etc., etc. The perpendicular style followed, of which there are several fine examples; but we must hurry on, giving scarcely more than a glance at the Renaissance court, which illustrates how European art and archi-

tecture were influenced by the revival of learning, the invention of printing, and the rapid strides made in civilization during the fifteenth century. There is a vestibule devoted to the Elizabethan period, an Italian court giving us casts and models of all the great works of Michael Angelo. A Pompeiian house reproduced in exact form as it stood eighteen hundred years ago, the decorations which adorn its walls being accurate copies of original paintings found among the ruins of the ill-fated city.

There are other courts, but we cannot stay to notice them, for the great central transept, with its vast Handel orchestra, built to accommodate a chorus of 6,000, must have a word of notice.

Standing under its prodigious dome, we can see nature in her fairest forms all around us. In the distance we have a view of the tropical garden already mentioned, and along the nave to left and right are shrubs and statues, fountains and flowers. Besides the courts and gardens already noticed, there is an orangery, an aquarium, a swimming-bath, class-rooms for the school of art, science, and literature, a school of landscape gardening and land improvement, a library, reading-rooms, refreshment-rooms, picture galleries; a museum of animals illustrative of their mode of life, and not simply stuffed and mounted. In the basement is a skating-rink, machinery in motion, a factory for ivory turning and carving, and the "Crystal Palace Press," where all the printing of the establishment is done.

When I add that this winter garden, palace of delight, and people's school is only about eight miles from London, that visitors can be brought by railway from all parts of the country right into the palace, and that the charge for entrance is one shilling, or twenty-five cents, my readers will scarcely need to be told that it is very popular.

But it must be remembered I have only described about half of the shilling's worth obtainable here, for the gardens are as unique as the palace itself, and I shall hope to describe them in a second paper.

AT EVEN-TIDE.

ALL day in bitter gusts a wintry rain
Vexed the bent trees and beat the glistening pane.
Laburnum, yellow-tressed, and lint-white May
Shivered and paled and drooped their life away.
No bee hummed through the clover:
No bird sang in the cover.
Till late at even-tide in yonder west
A timid gleam lit on the sodden breast
Of distant muir and height.
Then gaining courage from this courage shown
It caught the wild winds, hushed their sullen moan,
And robed the world in light,
Thus, tried and troubled heart, to thy beclouded spring
Shall Faith her fadeless glory, long-expected, bring.

—*Christian Leader.*

OUR ELECTION NIGHT BONFIRES.

BY HENRY F. REDDALL.

The "Tuesday next after the first Monday in November" had come around again, and from the deep bay-window papa and mamma and the girls gazed on the autumn evening sky glowing with the ruddy reflection of a hundred blazing fires. In the empty lot across the street a tower-like pile of barrels roared and crackled, the yellow flames and star-like sparks shooting heavenward, while around it the boys of the neighborhood danced and yelled, caring nothing who had been defeated or who had been elected, but delighted because on that one night of all the year in democratic America a rousing blaze could be started with no fear of the police.

"How boys do love a bonfire!" exclaimed mamma Hudson.

"Yes, indeed," rejoined papa. "It reminds me of the days when I was a youngster myself, and could caper and shout with the best of them."

An hour later, when the boys came in to tea, breathless and grimy and smelling horribly of smoke, Florence inquired:

"Papa, why do American boys build bonfires on Election night?"

"Just the very thing I was going to ask," chimed in Arthur.

"Ah," said papa, after a moment's thought, "that's one of Florence's hard questions. To answer it properly we must travel backward nearly three hundred years and across the Atlantic to Merrie England in the reign of the first Stuart king."

"Whew!" whistled Frank. "I always thought it was a regular home-made American custom!"

Papa laughed. "It's no more native American than are plum-puddings and mince-pies at Christmas time, and you all know where they come from."

"Please tell us all about it, papa," said Winnie, settling herself in her favorite corner of the sofa.

"Must I go back to the beginning?" inquired papa. "It's a long story."

"To the very beginning!" they all cried, even Baby Lucie clamoring for "ze bedinnin'."

Thus bidden by these young Home-Rulers, papa began:

"One of the most thrilling stories in English history is that of the 'Gunpowder Treason.' When Queen Elizabeth died in the year 1603 the crown of England descended to King James Sixth of Scotland. He was the son of the unhappy Mary Queen of Scots, who, you remember, was beheaded at Fotheringay Castle by order of Queen Elizabeth in 1587. Both his mother and Lord Darnley, his father, were grandchildren of Margaret Tudor, sister of Henry Eighth of England, and it was through this relationship that James claimed the throne of the southern kingdom, reigning as James First of England, and thus uniting the crowns of England and Scotland.

"Queen Elizabeth's reign had been marked by religious persecution of the Catholics, and these had hoped for better times when James ascended the throne, partly because, although himself a Protestant, his mother had been of the Catholic faith. But they were disappointed and angered by the fact that they were nearly excluded from favor at court, the new king lavishing gifts and places on his Scottish cronies, while the Parliament passed some very strict laws against popery. At length a man of good family named Robert Catesby, a zealous Catholic, formed the design of destroying king, Lords, and Commons when they should meet in Parliament at Westminster on November 5, 1605, thus at a stroke ridding the realm of the hated Protestant government and restoring the Catholic faith.

"Catesby took several other Catholics as desperate and bitter as himself into his confidence, among these being men named Winter, Wright, Percy, Digby, and Tresham. Thomas Winter also enlisted a bold soldier of fortune named Guido Faux, called by the English Guy Fawkes, a man who, it was said, 'feared neither God, man, nor Satan.'

"Well, the conspirators laid their plans very carefully and secretly. They hired an empty residence next the Parliament Houses, the cellar of which adjoined the vaults under the building. Their intention was to tunnel the walls, get into the vault, fill it with gunpowder, and blow up the mine with a slow match! Part worked while the others slept, and the dirt and rubbish were taken out and buried in the garden at night. But the wall was nine feet thick, and none of the plotters were used to hard work. Progress was so slow that nearly a year was consumed in piercing the wall.

"One day, however, Fawkes learned that a merchant who rented a cellar under the House of Lords was about to move out, so he promptly hired the place, and the barrels of gunpowder were taken there, great stones and billets of wood being placed on top of the powder for the purpose of concealment, and also to serve as deadly missiles when the explosion

should occur. Meantime the meeting of Parliament had been postponed, and the conspirators separated, leaving Guy Fawkes in charge. Finally the assembling of the Lords and Commons was set down for November 5, 1605. On the part of the plotters every thing was ready. Fawkes was to fire the mine, and in the confusion escape to Flanders by a ship waiting in the Thames.

"There were, however, several Roman Catholic peers and gentry among the members of both Houses, and these some of the conspirators wished to warn privately to refrain from attending the opening ceremonies. The more desperate of their companions opposed this as likely to lead to the discovery of the plot. However, on the night of November 3, as Lord Mounteagle, a brother-in-law of Francis Tresham, was at dinner at his country-seat, a page handed him a letter begging him 'devise some excuse to shift off your attendance at this Parliament, for God and man hath concurred to punish the wickedness of this time. Though there be no appearance of any stir, yet I say they shall receive a terrible blow this Parliament, and yet they shall not see who hurts them.'

"Mounteagle carried this letter to the king, who promptly divined that mischief was afoot, and a thorough search of the Parliament House was decided on prior to the assembling of the members. On the morning of November 5, soon after midnight, the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Mounteagle, with a guard of yeomen, visited the cellars and discovered Guy Fawkes on guard, though dressed as for a journey. Some slow matches were found on him; in a corner stood a dark lantern ready lighted, while in the cellar were thirty-seven barrels of gunpowder—enough to have blown the Parliament House and all therein to atoms! Fawkes was seized and put to the torture, when he divulged the names of his confederates, the chief of whom were captured and either shot or sent to the scaffold. Tresham died in prison.

"So you see the people of England have reason to remember the fifth of November, for on that day they were happily delivered from a dreadful calamity."

All the children drew a long breath as Mr. Hudson ceased speaking.

"But what's the Gunpowder Plot to do with our Election Day?" queried Arthur.

"We're coming to that now," said papa, "though at first sight they seem to bear no relationship. In memory of the providential deliverance of the king and Parliament 'Te Deums' were sung in the churches, and the anniversary became a red-letter day in English annals. It was and is still observed in a peculiar manner. During the day straw-stuffed effigies of Guy Fawkes are carried by boys and men about the streets on chairs or trestles supported by two poles, like a sedan-chair. Some of these effigies are life-size, and are gotten up in tawdry finery, with a mask or "false-face" topped by a three-cornered cocked hat. They go from house to house, attended by troops of admiring urchins, stopping from time to time to sing or chant:

"'Please to remember the fifth of November,
The Gunpowder treason and plot,
I see no reason why Gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.
Hip, Hip, Hurrah!'

"Another form of the doggerel sung is:

"'The fifth of November, since I can remember,
Gunpowder treason and plot,
This is the day that God did prevent
To blow up his king and Parliament!

"'A stick and a stake for Victoria's sake.
If you wont give me one
Then I'll take two, the better for me
And the worse for you.'

"The boys always close with the appeal, 'Please to remember the Guy!' or 'Please remember the fire!' soliciting gifts of pennies or fire-wood. In this way they collect a good many shillings. The money goes to buy fire-works, and the fagots go to the fire, for at night the 'Guy,' as the effigy of Fawkes is called (whence our word meaning a grotesque figure of any sort), is burned in an immense bonfire, the bigger the better, to the accompaniment of a fusillade of fire-works.

"Now, our Election Day often falls on the 5th of November, or thereabouts. So, you see, about the time that American boys are dancing round the Election night bonfire, English boys are burning the Guy. In fact, *the two observances are really one and the same thing.* From the earliest colonial times in New England, the custom having been brought over by the first settlers, the fifth of November was celebrated by burning an effigy of Guy Fawkes and by letting off fire-works, or by carrying about the village street at night a pair of hideous 'pumpkin faces' with candle-ends stuck inside. These were supposed to represent the Pope and the Devil, and they were burned together in a fire on the common.

"Gradually, however, the significance of the day faded from sight. At the present time, though the memory of the Gunpowder Plot and of the 'pumpkin faces' has long disappeared, the boys in some of the New England towns annually build fires on the night of the fifth of November, though they cannot tell why they do so, any more than they can tell why tops, marbles, and kites are 'in' or 'out' of season.

"But in New York and its sister cities the custom, though still blindly kept up, has been shifted to the night of the annual Election Day, and both Protestant and Catholic boys, who know or care nothing about the Gunpowder Plot or Guy Fawkes Day, unconsciously join in commemorating the old English custom that sprang from intense loyalty to the Protestant faith and to the Protestant king and Parliament of England.

"And I mustn't omit to tell you," said papa, in closing, "the curious fact that every year, just before the assembling of Parliament, there is still a procession of officials who go through the under-ground rooms and passages of the beautiful modern pile on the north bank of the Thames at Westminster in search for gunpowder and treason. It is a time-honored custom, nearly three hundred years old, though the need for it has long passed away."

Such is the story of our Election night bonfires.

NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE IN ENGLAND.

We have an idea in this country that English newspapers are staid, dry, dignified journals with very little "go" about them, and chiefly remarkable for endless editorials on "the state of trade," "the political outlook," "bimetalism," etc.

It is a fact, however, that on an English news-stand there are offered for sale more "funny" papers, works of fiction, and cheap novel journals than on any American News Company's counter. These papers resort to every means to gain popularity and to increase their circulations. A letter-box or correspondence department is a prominent feature of all these papers, and shows the weakness of the average "constant reader" in a tiresome way.

One paper devotes half of its space to what it calls a "Literary Olympic." Contributions are solicited from subscribers and are printed as railway passengers are carried, in three classes. The contributions in the first-class department are paid for, and in the other two editorially criticised. This "Olympic" is an admirable aid in studying the influence of cheap novels and "penny dreadfuls" on the mind of the British servant girl who "haspires to be a author."

Perhaps of all the catch-penny tricks of these lower class journals the life insurance scheme is the most ingenious. We take the following directly from the columns of the paper which makes this offer, and can vouch for the genuineness of the extract if not for that of the offer:

"TIT-BITS" SYSTEM OF LIFE INSURANCE.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS WILL BE PAID BY THE PROPRIETOR OF "TIT-BITS" TO THE NEXT-OF-KIN OF ANY PERSON WHO IS KILLED IN A RAILWAY ACCIDENT, PROVIDED A COPY OF THE CURRENT ISSUE OF "TIT-BITS" IS FOUND UPON THE DECEASED AT THE TIME OF THE CATASTROPHE. THIS OFFER DOES NOT APPLY TO RAILWAY SERVANTS ON DUTY.

PHILANTHROPIC ADVERTISING.

An enterprising and kind-hearted hatter of Glasgow, Scotland, has devised a means of advertising his stores and at the same time helping the unemployed of the city. He hires all the men who are out of work and who apply for the positions as "sandwich men," that is, walking advertisements with pasteboard posters hung in front and behind. There are often 500 "sandwiches" in line, walking single file along the gutters. The procession makes a most ludicrous appearance. Men of all ages and stages of dilapidation peer over the tops of their boards and waddle slowly along, earning their twenty-five and thirty cents a day, and at the same time covering their scanty raiment with clean curtains of white and blue pasteboard.

Another scheme of this same hatter was to invite all the poor children of Glasgow on a picnic down the Clyde by boat. Such a gathering of dirty, howling, fighting bits of humanity is said to have been unprecedented in the history of the city. The children were so unused to any organized pleasure trip that they fairly frightened their benefactor and his assistants by their antics. It is rumored that the hatter will confine his beneficence to the sandwiches hereafter, and consult the public good by keeping the children as thoroughly separated as possible.

BEHIND THE TIMES.

The "New York Evening Post" prints an interesting letter from a correspondent in Korea, the hermit nation. Of some of the curious antiquated customs in vogue at the Korean capital the writer speaks as follows:

In my last letter I described the capital as reminding one of a mediæval town. Some of the customs still obtaining make the resemblance still greater. Within the city walls are two quite high hills, one at the back of the palace grounds, the other on the opposite side of the city. The latter is called Nam San, and is in full view of the king's grounds. Upon this, just before or about dark, are lighted four distinct fires. These are the terminal signal fires of as many series flashed along the hills of Korea from its remote provinces to indicate that north, south, east, and west within the realm all is peace. As soon as these are kindled the palace bell is rung, and officials go before the king to transmit the information thus received. About that hour officers of various grades may be seen going to the palace, for then the king gives audience daily, and receives the reports from the various departments of the government. I know nothing that puts so forcibly before one the mediæval cast of life in Korea as these signal fires, lighted every evening, starting hundreds of miles away, and flashing to the palace the news that all is well. An invasion from Russian territory just after night could be known at the capital only about twenty-three hours later under this system. Side by side with this, and in startling contrast to it, is the single line of telegraph connecting with Peking and with Chemulpo. Thus do the ninth and nineteenth centuries here shake hands.

It is said that the king usually sleeps in the day-time and transacts business at night. However that may be, certainly he grants audience during the day to foreigners, and receives reports from his executive officers at night-fall.

The gates of the city are closed some time after night-fall, no exact time being set—from half past eight to nine o'clock is the time in summer. At the closing of the gates Korean bands play for about half an hour, discoursing a music that may delight the Koreans, but is any thing but pleasant to Occidentals. At nine o'clock the "big bell" may be heard ringing out its deep rich tones, a signal for all men to withdraw from streets and walks and allow the ladies, who have all day been secluded in the women's apartments, to come out and take the air. It should be said here that, except among the very lowest classes, women are seen only by their husbands and female friends or servants, so that a visit of a gentleman to a lady of his acquaintance is altogether unknown. At nine, then, the ladies go out and pay visits, get an airing, and then are secluded until the next evening permits them to repeat the process. Should a lady go out during the day, she is carried in a closed chair or palanquin, which is brought into the court and set down. The bearers retire until she has entered and the curtains have been drawn, when they return and carry her to her destination, no man seeing her face during the excursion.

GLASS EYES.

Some idea of the extent to which glass eyes are used, as well as other facts about them, may be found in this paragraph from a foreign exchange:

Germany and Switzerland produce over two million glass eyes in a year; and a Paris manufacturer, with a reputation for finer work, some three hundred thousand. They are made in the shape of a hollow hemisphere, and the most skill is required in forming the pupil out of the colored glass.

Every variety of color is used, some eyes being even traced on the inside with red pencil to produce a bloodshot effect.

"We fit the eyes," said a dealer recently, "to the socket by heating and softening the ball, and then cutting it with hot scissors to the proper size and shape. The hollow part fits over the stump of the eye. When this is neatly done the artificial eye moves as readily as the real, and it is difficult to tell which one is glass.

"The great majority of artificial eyes are used by workmen, especially those in iron foundries, where many eyes are put out by sparks. It is seldom that a woman has a glass eye. If an artificial eye were not used when the real one had been injured, not only would it give to the possessor a peculiar facial appearance, but it would be apt to affect the other eye. An artificial eye seldom lasts longer than five years, because it is acted upon by the salt of perspiration and of tears, which dulls and roughens the surface.

"For this reason it is customary to take the eye out at night, which also gives the socket a rest. Some men are able to cry just as well with a false as a real one. It depends altogether upon whether certain arteries have been injured."

ROUNDABOUT JOURNEYS.

The special rates by which transportation companies seek to draw to themselves the trade of certain localities at the expense of others has resulted in the curious condition of affairs which is reported by the "Chicago News" in an article of which the following is an extract:

A paper devoted to sheep husbandry states that the wool raised in Southern Australia was taken from Adelaide to San Francisco by steamer, carried to New York by rail, reshipped, and laid down in London for a less sum than wool was carried from New Mexico to Philadelphia. The sheep-raisers of Utah, unable to obtain reasonable rates for sending their wool to eastern markets, paid the local rates on it from Ogden to San Francisco, and then sent it to New York. By having it in San Francisco they were able to take advantage of the rates made in order to secure the transportation of wool raised in Australia and New Zealand. The Vermont butter-makers complain that they are being ruined by the cheap rates made by railway companies to secure the carrying of Iowa dairy products. They state that butter is carried from Des Moines to Boston cheaper than from Montpelier to Boston.

At a recent meeting of the North-western Dairymen's Association the proprietor of a Wisconsin cheese factory stated that he could send his products to Liverpool by the way of Quebec cheaper than he could get them transported to St. Paul. It is reported that salmon canned at the mouth of the Columbia River is carried to England for half the sum demanded for taking it to the eastern portion of the State of Oregon. Farmers living less than a hundred miles east of London complain that it costs more to send their wheat to that city than it does to send it from America. An adage that has lived through the centuries, probably on account of its apparent absurdity, informs us that "the longest way round is the nearest way home." If the longest way is not the nearest one, it may be and often is the cheapest one.

During the past season Chicago and Milwaukee brewers have been using large quantities of barley raised in California and Utah. With two railroads having no very large amount of freight to transport it would be reasonable to suppose that it would be brought by cars. But a very large proportion of it has been brought by water. It was taken from San Francisco to the Isthmus of Panama by boat, transported across the isthmus by rail, reshipped to New York, forwarded to Buffalo by canal-boat, and there sent to Milwaukee and Chicago on vessels. The entire cost of transportion was 48 cents per 100 pounds, which was about 40 per cent. less than the railway rates before the recent reduction. During a considerable part of last summer it cost less to ride from Chicago to San Francisco than to go half-way across the State of California. During the same period persons living 100 miles west or north of Chicago and wishing to visit St. Paul paid their fare to this city, bought tickets to the capital of Minnesota, and rode back over the road on which they came.

VALUABLE MEMENTOS.

The manufacture of ancient curios, antique furniture, and the like finds its kindred art in the creation of relics of great men and great events. The following extract from an exchange tells how a man converted his household goods into very valuable property:

An individual who opened a small tavern near the field of Waterloo was frequently questioned as to whether he did or did not possess some relics of the battle, and he invariably and honestly answered in the negative.

But he was very poor; and one day, while lamenting to a neighbor not only of his poverty, but the annoyance to which travelers subjected him, his friend cut him short with:

"Well, make one help the other. Make some relics."

"But what can I do?" inquired the poor man.

"Tell them that Napoleon or Wellington entered your shop during the battle, and sat in that chair."

Not long after an English tourist entered the tavern, and, inquiring for relics, was told the chair story. The chair was bought at an incredible price.

The next comer was informed that Wellington had taken a drink, and the Wellington tumbler was accordingly sold. The third arrival gazed with breathless wonder at the nail on which Bonaparte had hung his hat; the fourth purchased the door-posts between which he had entered; and the fifth became the happy purchaser of the floor on which he had trodden.

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

WE have said nothing about it in the columns of OUR YOUTH, but we (writing with the "we" editorial) are on the other side of the Atlantic, that is, on the side which is the "other side" to the most of our readers and to the office of publication. And the "we" in this case is not wholly in accommodation to editorial usage, for we are literally plural this time. The editor-in-chief and one of his chief assistants—father and son—are embraced in the dual form herein employed. The reasons for the journey are chiefly official, and our time is spent in furthering the ends of the Church and of the Chautauqua work. We have been tempted to give large space to reports of travel, but have resisted the temptation. A few columns will from time to time be devoted to our observations of life and nature, of school and church, on this side of the Atlantic. People here are very much like people in America. Human nature with all its diversities is a unity. Although like God its maker in original constitution and endowments, it has yielded every-where to the great law of deterioration. Having sinned against God, it carries certain hereditary marks and tendencies which are to be found wherever man is found, whether in the city or in the country, on the east or on the west of the Atlantic, in Russia or in the Congo State, in the czar or in the pope, in General Kaulbars or in General Butler.

IT is an exciting time when a huge ship backs out of the dock and turns its high, sharp, strong prow toward the Atlantic. Friends gather in crowds to say "Good-bye." Long after the words are lost, waving handkerchiefs, used now and then to wipe away an irrepressible tear, continue the expressions of love and good cheer. The city is soon left. We pass the islands, the forts, the narrows, the bar. The pilot drops into the row-boat that has been sent for him. The shores of one's native land fade from view. The broad and restless sea stretches out in every direction. Why does the ship rise and then slowly descend again as she moves on and on? This is a very quiet sea. These light and shining waves can have no such power. A small lake steamer would not be much affected by them. You judge rightly. These waves have not the power. It is the deep-sea swell we feel, and that is not connected with the surface waves. This steady uplift and descent are from a power beneath and out of sight. The deepest sorrows and the sublimest actions of great souls are from profound convictions and apprehensions which people who live only on the surface know nothing about. They say, "Such a sea as this ought not to make a great ship rise and sink. See the sky—how clear! See the water—how smooth!" So skeptics say concerning the Man of Nazareth in Gethsemane, "If he were the brave man his friends claimed why should he have feared arrest or even death?" There was a deep sea-swell in the great ocean of life and law and divine government and human guilt which superficial thinkers cannot comprehend. The three disciples went to sleep in that night of stupendous sorrow. They did not know the weight of the words, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me."

As the day wore on and we moved on there came up a fresh breeze from the north-east. "A head-wind—alas!" we exclaimed. "A head-wind—good!" emphatically said an officer of the ship. We pondered the question started by this difference of opinion. The sailor ought to know better than we could what was best for the ship and the voyage. So we thought and wondered and asked questions about it, and found out that a head-wind gave draught to the furnaces and fresh air to the engineers and firemen, and that by such advantage to the fires we could get out of head-winds, if not too violent, more power of steam, and thus more motion, than we could from "favorable" winds with sails set. Adverse winds were thus favorable winds. And we thought again, and, as we paced the deck under a starry and moon-lit sky, and on the prow-ward march braced ourselves to resist the north-east breeze, we remembered how often it is the case in life that head-winds help rather than hinder. Napoleon, who wrought magnificently in an unworthy cause, used to say that he was never at his best until the battle began to go against him. Will-power is developed by opposition. The secret of all mastery in life is in the manner and spirit with which resisting forces are met. And we said, "Blow on, O winds, out of the north-east, and from across the broad sea, and by the forces ye foster and increase, this great ship of iron and of steam shall move on. And at your wildest best she will still stand firm and make time in spite of you." These ships are splendid things with their frames of iron and hearts of fire; but brave men who face opposition and ride out wild storms of human hate and envy, who have souls strong in principle, firm in faith, and inspired by philanthropy—these are more splendid than all the ships of all the fleets that cross the seas. Such men wrest strength from circumstances and make adverse winds speed them onward.

THE stiff breeze which threatened to raise a tempestuous sea was really not so much of a wind as it seemed. It was strong, and it came out of the north-east, and it steadily increased. But when occasion arose for shutting off the steam and stopping the engines for half an hour, and bringing the ship to a stand-still, we found that much of the force of the breeze was owing to the motion of the ship. The two together—the driving forward of the engines and the good wind from the opposite quarter—gave the apparently strong breeze we have described. A great deal of the opposition one meets in this world is only apparent, or its force is magnified by the enthusiasm and energy of the man who is pushing forward. It is well to remember this. If one wants to reduce antagonism let him "slow up" or stop, and he has done it. Better, however, to go on and consider the causes of opposition and keep good heart.

SUNSET on the ocean is a delight. We shall not soon forget how the wind whipped the crests from every wave and tore them into fine spray, while the sunshine shot through them; and as they fell into the sea again they went down in all the colors of the rainbow. As we left Chautauqua on Monday morning, August 30, we passed Long Point just as

the sun was rising. Across the eastern heavens a screen of cloud was stretched, and below it, and above the hills, was a long line of clear sky, into which the sun came up, rosy and radiant, its flood of red-gold gleaming through the trees of Long Point, spreading a pathway of light from our boat to the shore. It is a picture we cannot describe, but the memory of it is eternal. And so with the sunset one of those first evenings at sea, and the after-glow, and the stars and the rising moon. We shall often live it over again. And when at last we went to our rest for the night, there was something quieting in the steady response of the great ship to the deep swell of the ocean and the subdued but continuous thrum and tread of the engine as the shaft made its revolutions and the propeller at the stern of the ship, low down in the sea, gave onward motion to the huge hulk. And when at the sounding of the bells, every half-hour, the watch at the bow answered the watch of the bridge with their "All's well! All's well!" we remembered in whose hands are all human destinies; by whom seas and ships and souls are held; and we dropped peacefully into His embrace, "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for November 7, 1886. THOMAS CONVINCED.—John 20. 19–29.
GOLDEN TEXT.—John 20. 28.

PREFATORY. The Shepherd is again with his flock. The risen Christ walks and talks with his amazed disciples. But the wonder was too great for some of them. To one of these the Lord proves himself.

INTERROGATORY. The place and the hour? What did the disciples fear? The manner of Christ's coming? His salutation? His gift? The doubter? A second meeting? Christ in the midst? How was Thomas convinced? His adoration? What has Christ's answer to do with us? Why did John keep this record? When was it written? How are modern doubters to be convinced?

HOMILY. No wonder that Thomas doubted. Jesus had been crucified. He had seen him white and cold and silent. Thomas knew that he had gone into his grave, that the great stone had been rolled against the sepulcher, that the king's seal had been put upon it, that the guard had been stationed over it; and yet here in Jerusalem, on this the first day of the week, Jesus was reported to him as standing in the midst, and as speaking in the same sweet tone of voice, with the heart of love running through the words, "Peace be unto you." No wonder that Thomas doubted, and said, "I will not believe." It was human to doubt. It was natural to doubt. It was almost impossible not to doubt. When we heard the first stories about the telephone and the phonograph, we ourselves doubted. We said, "It is sleight of hand," "It is ventriloquism," "It cannot be." There are many things in the world that are not dreamed of in the world's philosophy, and when the first discovery is made people must hesitate. Sometimes they flatly contradict the report, and it takes personal observation and experiment to convince them. So in this new unfolding of the marvelous kingdom of God, Thomas and others doubted. Later on Jesus appeared to the disciples when Thomas was with them. He said again, "Peace be unto you." He addressed Thomas. He gave him opportunity to make full investigation, and Thomas answered, "My Lord, and my God." So Jesus continued to do many other signs before the people in order that the doubts of his disciples might be removed, the foundations of historic testimony laid, and the ages satisfied that Jesus did arise from the dead.

If we are asked why these things do not happen in these days, why the dead are not raised up, we answer that in the order of God's kingdom there is something better for the dead than a resurrection, and the coming forth from the dead, by which Christ became the first-fruits of them that slept, was the laying of foundations on which the Church could be established among men. If any fact can be proved from history, this fact can be established that Jesus rose from the dead. If Alexander lived, if Julius Cæsar achieved his victories, if Constantine and Charlemagne and William the Conqueror lived, Jesus did certainly arise from the dead. The evidence by which we establish the one proposition establishes the other, and the foundations are laid. Our dead sleep, and do not arise. There shall, however, be a restoration to life of the dead; but the chief value of the resurrection of Jesus is not in a future physical resurrection of his people, but in the blessed spiritual truths in which we may now rest and rejoice, because we know that he, having died, was raised from the dead, and is rightful King over life and death, time and eternity, earth and heaven. If he was raised from the dead, then all the truths he taught may be trusted, all the promises he uttered may be enjoyed, all the power he promised may be realized.

The foundations of the house are laid. We need not have them laid again when we come on a Christmas eve for a time of rejoicing in ample parlors by the open fire. The foundations are laid, the house has been builded, the hearth is bright. All faces are cheerful. Song rings through halls and parlors. Refreshments are served. Childhood is glad. Old age is cheerful. Communion is pleasant. How foolish for us now to attempt, instead of enjoying the completed house, to begin relaying or even investigatng the quality of the foundations. So the fact of the resurrection of Jesus Christ once established, every other good thing follows and is sure.

PRAYER. Speak unto us, O Lord, and say, "Peace be unto you." Give us a livelier faith in Thy word, a firmer confidence in Thy resurrection, a more ardent love for Thy person, and a more fervent desire for Thy presence. May we be not faithless, but believing, and be able, with Thomas, to say, "My Lord and my God." Amen.

THE GOSPEL IN SONG.

DR. JACOB CHAMBERLAIN, in "The Independent," relates some of his missionary experiences in India. From his interesting account of the power of song upon the Hindus we make a brief extract:

"The Telugus also readily catch up and become very fond of some of our lively American tunes, especially those with a chorus or refrain, and we make use of them; for the novelty of the foreign music sometimes rivets their attention.

"Many years ago I translated into Telugu the children's hymn,

"'Jesus loves me; this I know,
For the Bible tells me so,'

and taught it to the children of our day-school. It was scarcely a week before, as I was going through the narrow streets of the native town on horseback, I heard singing that sounded natural down a side street. I stopped to listen, cautiously drawing up to the corner, where I could unobserved look down the street and see and hear; and there was a little heathen boy, with heathen men and women standing around him, singing away at the top of his voice:

"'Jesus loves me; this I know,
For the Bible tells me so.
. . . . . .
'Yes, Jesus loves me;
The Bible tells me so.'

And as he completed the verse, the question arose,

"'Sonny, where did you learn that song?'

"'Over at the missionary school,' was the answer.

"'Who is that Jesus, and what is the Bible?'

"'O, the Bible is the book from God, they say, to teach us how to get to heaven, and Jesus is the name of the divine Redeemer that came into the world to save us from our sins; that is what the missionaries say.'

"'Well, the song is a nice one, anyhow. Come, sing us some more.'

"And so the little boy went on—a heathen himself, and singing to the heathen—about Jesus and his love.

"'That is preaching the Gospel by proxy,' I said to myself, as I turned my pony and rode away, well satisfied to leave my little proxy to tell to his interested audience all he himself knew, and sing to them over and over that sweet song of salvation.

"The 'Gospel in song,' who can tell its power? In giving to the superstition-bound Hindus this facility for and love of music, God has put in our hands one of our keenest weapons. We do well if we use it to its utmost, as we try to do; for I have only hinted at a few of the many ways in which we use it to bring the matchless love of Christ before the sons and daughters of India."

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

"No. I don't know who is running for governor. What difference does it make to me, anyway?" So said an American youth of eighteen, and so say, or think, thousands.

NEXT Tuesday, Nov. 2, will be election day, which renders this occasion most appropriate for a sermon upon Patriotism, with the remark of our young acquaintance for a text.

THE common conception of patriotism makes it a matter of flags, firecrackers, and Fourth of July orations. It is in the air at anniversaries, when drums rattle, and people grow hoarse with cheering. We hear of patriotism when a broad and shallow boat shows her graceful stern to her slender British sister.

THIS is all very well. But there is one day of all in the year when the true patriot has real work to do for his country. "On the Tuesday next after the first Monday in November" he proves the sincerity of his patriotism by the part which he takes in the election.

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

WESLEY—APOSTLESHIP.*

The severity with which this weakness of Wesley has been treated by his critics is an exception to the usual treatment of historical characters; for what distinguished man has not had some marked eccentricity of opinion or of conduct? And what was this defect of Wesley but an eccentricity of opinion? If it was characteristic of his opinions, it was not characteristic of the man: for what man was more rigorously practical in piety, or more liberal about opinions? what man ever combined the noble, self-possessed enthusiasm essential to the heroic character with so little of the passion or uncharitableness that is an essential of fanaticism? His critics would impair his authority as a thinker by contemning his credulity; but they deem it no wonder, or at least no detraction, if indeed not an amiable illustration of the heart, apart from the intellect, of his friend, the most influential writer as well as the most prominent moralist of his age, who shared so largely this very weakness of Wesley. Men who sneer at Wesley are but amused when, in reading the pages of Boswell, they find Johnson dissenting from a ghost story of Wesley's, only because the latter did not, in his opinion, investigate the case sufficiently, affirming that "this is a question which, after five thousand years, is yet undecided; a question, whether in theology or philosophy, one of the most important that can come before the human understanding." Plato, as Johnson called Wesley, might well linger when all the rest of the audience had slunk away, if Johnson stood still in the lecturer's desk. The Cock Lane ghost story has never impaired Johnson's rank as an author; but had Wesley shown the superstitious weakness of the literary giant in many well-known and ludicrous instances, he could scarcely have been treated with more scorn than he has incurred by his record of supposed preternatural facts, of a class, too, which have not yet ceased to be believed by the most of mankind. He recorded these facts, it should be borne in mind, in an age in which Christian Scotland executed at the stake a supposed witch, and in the next century after that in which the good Sir Matthew Hale had condemned to the gibbet two women for witchcraft; when the great Bacon had avowed his belief in astrology, and sat in a Parliament in which an enactment was passed against witchcraft—a statute not repealed till Wesley himself was thirty-three years old.

The treatment that Wesley has received on account of this one weakness, so different from the usual charity of writers toward great men, is perhaps a real though undesigned compliment. It would seem to arise from the fact that little else can be found for sarcasm in his pure life and noble character, and that this therefore must be made as available as possible.

It has not, however, sufficed to save him from the imputation of ambition. This charge affords, in fine, the chief explanation of his extraordinary life to his best known biographer. According to that writer, "no conqueror or poet was ever more ambitious," and "the love of power was the ruling passion of his mind." It is due to Southey, however, to say that he acknowledged the error of this charge. An admirable defense of Wesley by a Churchman, who personally knew him during many years, convinced his biographer of his error. "I had formed a wrong estimate of Wesley's character," he says, "in supposing him to have been actuated by ambition." A letter is also extant in which he again confesses that he "is convinced that he was mistaken in supposing ambition entered largely into Mr. Wesley's acting impulses," and promises "to make such alterations in the book as are required in consequence."

That Wesley loved power would be no very serious charge. Power, as a means of success and usefulness, may be as desirable as any other talent, as genius itself; the vice is not in the passion, but in its motive; to indulge it for selfish ends would be pernicious and criminal, as the pursuit of money or of any other means of success would be: but as a means for the accomplishment of good ends, it may be as virtuous as the diligent pursuit of resources by the philanthropist, or of intelligence by the student. Wesley's whole life was a demonstration that he sought not power for himself. What man ever more thoroughly sacrificed the usual selfish motives of ambition? What human life was ever more consecrated to the welfare of others? That he had a conscious pleasure in the useful exercise of his great but unsought power need not be denied; it was the right of his power, as his power was the right of his talents and position. He would have been an exception to the usual and beneficent law of nature herself, in this respect, had he not known that exalted pleasure. Nature accompanies her endowments with instinctive dispositions for their use. The man who is constituted or capacitated for the exercise of power would not be in harmony with himself if he had not the instinctive enjoyment of his appointed task; and the highest moral law of his position requires, not that he should be unconscious of this enjoyment, but that he should consecrate it by benevolent motives, and regulate it by that "temperance in all things" which, if it is a self-denial to the vices, is still more an enhancement of the virtues.

KEEP me safe from all sin, and I shall fear neither death nor hell.

So thou do not cast me from thee for ever, nor blot me out of the book of life, what tribulation soever befalleth me shall not hurt me.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

* From Dr. Abel Stevens's "Character Sketches."

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

So far we have considered forces which act in the same line, that is, act either directly against one another, or combine in a single force equal to their sum. Now we take up the more complicated question of how to find the resultant when two or more forces act upon a body in different directions. If the student will give this matter a little thought, he will find that it is not so difficult as it might at first appear. Referring to Figure 1, let us clearly understand the question before us.

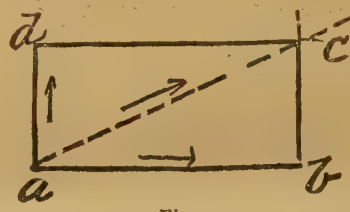

Fig. 1.

Suppose some object at *a* is being moved by two forces *a b* and *a c* at the same time. If *a b* acted *alone* for one second the object would be carried up to *b*, while if *a c* were the only force exerted on the object at *a*, it would be moved out to *c*. But as these forces are acting at the *same time* it is evident that each will prevent the other from carrying the object to either of the points named. So it remains to discover what direction the object will take and what point it will reach in one second under the influence of both forces acting together.

It has been proved that the direction of the resultant is the *diagonal* of the parallelogram formed by completing the figure of which the two lines of forces form two sides. Completing then by Problem VII, (OUR YOUTH, No. 46, page 316), the figure from the lines *a b* and *a c*, in this case at right angles to each other, we have the parallelogram *a b c d*. The diagonal *a d* represents the resultant force in both direction and intensity. From this table we may understand clearly the state of things:

(1) Force *a c* acts alone on object at *a*. Object moves to *c*.
(2) Force *a b* acts alone on object at *a*. Object moves to *b*.
(3) Forces *a c* and *a b* act together on object at *a*. Object moves to *d*.

There are several simple experiments which may be tried to illustrate the principle just stated. Lay a croquet ball on the lawn, and have two persons strike it with mallets at two different angles. If the blows fall at the same or almost the same time, the ball will shoot off not in a direction in which either single stroke would have driven it, but along a line between the two lines of shot.

A favorite example with teachers of mechanics is the river steamer, on which we have taken our students for a ride already. On that occasion we went up and down the stream, now we propose to cross the swiftly flowing river. Figure 2 represents our gallant craft and her run in the interests of science.

The line *a b* represents the speed of the steamer—six miles per hour. If there were no current the boat would run from *a* to *b* in one hour. There is, however, a current of four miles an hour, represented by *a c*, which would carry the steamer to *c* in one hour, if the engines remain at rest. The whole force of this illustration depends on the assumption that the pilot of the boat steers straight ahead, and does not point up stream, as a regular, but of course unscientific, steersman would do.

Fig. 2.

Here we have our parallelogram of forces *a c d b* completed from the two lines *a b* and *a c*. The diagonal *a d* represents the actual course of the vessel under the conditions named. Steaming at six miles an hour across a current running four miles an hour, at the end of an hour the steamer would land not at *b* or *c*, but at *d*. As we have hinted, a regular pilot who wanted to take his boat from *a* to *b* would head up stream far enough to bring him in at the desired point. In other words, he would construct his parallelogram of forces so that *a b* would be the diagonal. If he points up stream, his line of speed will have a different direction and change the diagonal *a d* until it is the same as the line *a b* in the figure.

The science of gunnery deals with these laws of resultants in a most minute way, determining at what angles guns of different powers must be discharged in order to carry a certain distance, and so on. It is enough for us to understand the idea in general, and we cannot go into any of the details.

HOW TO FIND THE HORSE-POWER OF AN ENGINE.

A STATIONARY or marine engine is usually described as being of so many horse-power, and we doubt whether many of our readers have a clear idea of just what a horse-power is. It does not refer to the strength of the average horse, but is the name given to a power which can lift 33,000 pounds one foot high in one minute.

Those who are interested in machinery will be glad to have this simple rule for finding the horse-power of any engine. Take the diameter of the piston in inches, the number of strokes made per minute, and the length of the stroke in feet. Then multiply the square of the piston's diameter by the strokes multiplied by the length, and divide by 6,000.

Some of the Atlantic steamers have engines capable of exerting 2,000 or more horse-power.

RECREATION.

[In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.]

The Sphinx.

Probably most of our readers have seen some form of the sphinx mystery. This trick was invented by a young Englishman, and was performed for the first time in London, where it caused a furor of excitement.

The audience saw upon the stage substantially what is represented in Fig. 1. A small three-legged table supported a box about 12 inches in each dimension. The back of the stage was visible behind the table, which had no curtains or hangings whatever connected with it. It was apparent that no one could be concealed under the table nor in the shallow top, so when the showman unlocked the cover of the box and displayed to the audience a face surrounded by an Egyptian head-dress, a face with eyes that moved and a mouth that spoke, the mystification was complete. An old magician, telling of the first time he saw the sphinx, says he was nonplused. The manner in which he learned the secret was this: As he rose in his seat to get a better view of the stage he saw two finger-marks apparently in the air near the front leg of the table. All at once it dawned upon him that those finger-marks were on a mirror, and he saw the whole idea at once. In reality the slight three-legged table was a solid triangular box, and the sides between the table legs were plate-glass mirrors.

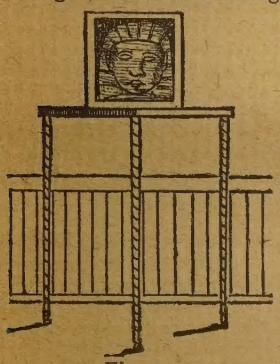

Fig. 1.

This trick was tried in Paris with great success, and a few years ago was performed in New York—at the coliseum, corner of Broadway and Thirty-fifth Street. Since then it has been the card at cheap places of amusement, and is rarely exhibited by the best magicians because the public are supposed to be familiar with it.

There are, however, a great many people who would be completely "taken in" by the sphinx now, and a couple of bright boys, with a little mechanical skill, and some of the magician's manner, may amuse and mystify their friends with a reproduction of "the great Egyptian wonder."

The first and most difficult thing is to get a couple of good-sized mirrors. A frame should be made for the three-legged table, the top of which should be a triangle. The front angle should be about 120 deg.

Into the spaces between the legs the mirrors should be fitted, and the frames covered with some dark cloth.

A back parlor is the best place for the exhibition. Here in the middle of the room place the triangular table with the front, or large angle, toward the expected audience. Now the mirrors will reflect the sides of the room, and, of course, they being papered the same as the back, no one will notice (at least you hope that no one will) that the wall seen behind the legs is not the real thing.

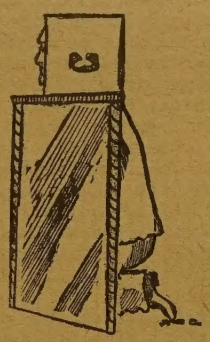

Fig. 2.

You want the light from the several reflecting lamps thrown directly on the table. The box is easily made. It has no bottom, and the front swings down on hinges. The accomplice takes his place inside the table, thrusts his head up into the box (Fig. 2), and all is ready. The doors are pushed back, and the spectators view the innocent-looking table.

The showman must stand to one side and *behind* the table, for if he got to one side his legs would suddenly seem behind the table while his body was some distance away—a phenomenon more interesting to the spectators than to the bisected magician.

After a few elaborate and flowery remarks, the showman opens the box and discloses to the astonished on-lookers a live head carrying on a little existence on its own account.

If this trick is gotten up carefully, it will afford a great deal of pleasure to all concerned.

A Land Ship.

There are many boys who are fond of reading sea-stories, and who know a good deal about rigging and sailing, but they do not live near enough any large body of water to put their knowledge to any practical use.

Such boys as these may amuse themselves with a land ship.

At some of the naval academies there are land ships built for the use of the boys, and on these they are trained until it is thought safe to put them on board regular vessels.

A land ship may be simple or complicated. It may be a sloop, a schooner, a brig, or a full-rigged ship. A smooth piece of ground may be selected as a deck, and in this the masts firmly planted. We have known of masts twenty feet high rigged with yards and blocks, and so firmly stayed that two or three men could safely "lay aloft," and take in the topsails. To be sure, it is not real sailing, but when the wind is blowing hard and the sails are swelling and the rigging straining, it comes pleasantly near to it. Another thing which should commend the land ship is that none of its passengers is ever sea-sick.

A bulwark may be built up from the ground, a deck laid, cabin, wheel, binnacle, pump, windlass, etc., imitated, and the whole ship launched firm and fast on the ground.

A boy may learn a great deal about navigation by rigging his boat, carefully following the plan given in the back of almost every dictionary.

A schooner may be easily changed to a brig, and a brig lengthened into a ship.

We launch another plan to employ the fertile brains and busy hands of our boys. May it meet with success!

OUR GIRLS.

[Contributions appropriate for this department, descriptions of fancy work, candy making, games, etc., are solicited from our readers.]

WHO WAS SHE?

BY JAY.

First Little Bird: "Didn't she have a good time?"

Second Little Bird: "Why, yes; she had a perfectly lovely time. She spent two weeks with the Wrens, and went every-where and saw every thing, and came home declaring that she had never seen such lovely people, or had such a good time!"

First Little Bird: "But you say she never wrote to Jenny Wren for a whole week after she came home?"

Second Little Bird: "Well, you see; she was so busy. There were the final preparations to be made for the last open-air concert, and then a number of her friends were going South for the winter, and she had to see them all before their departure, so that it did seem to her as if every minute were full."

First Little Bird: "And did I understand you to say that when she did write she filled half her letter with apologies for not writing before?"

Second Little Bird: "Of course she had to make some excuse for her delay in acknowledging their kindness and courtesy to her."

First Little Bird: "What did Jenny Wren think about it?"

Second Little Bird: "That I cannot say, but I have heard that Jenny Wren's mother said that in her day a guest always took time immediately on her return to write to her hostess, and Mrs. Wren thought that it would be a pity to abandon the old courteous custom."

First Little Bird: "A great pity indeed, a very great pity! But there she is now, so good-bye."

Pongee Curtains for Book-Shelves.—Not only as a protection against dust, but as graceful decorations, are curtains in front of standing or hanging book-shelves. Even book-cases having glass doors are often supplied with hangings of silk or other light material. At any furniture store slender poles of wood or metal can be procured with rings of appropriate size.

Pongee, with suitable decoration, makes very pretty drapery for the purpose, being light enough to be conveniently pushed aside. Cross stripes, that is, one across each end of the curtain, are still rather the most approved manner of ornament. The prettiest stripes are made by closely darning with silk a background from six to eight inches broad on the pongee, with a spray or vine upon it done in outline with another shade of silk. The outlined pattern may be left untouched or it may be delicately tinted with the brush in water colors.

The darning on the stripe should be thick and close so as to resemble another fabric laid upon the pongee, and the pattern should be outlined before the darning is done. Upon old-gold pongee a pale-blue or dark-brown darned stripe is very effective. For a set of corner shelves in a parlor light-blue pongee drapery is very pretty, with dark-blue darned stripes and a woodbine or maple decoration painted in fall colors.—*Weekly Press.*

Cross-barred scrim is new, and much used for window curtains, scarfs, bureau covers, aprons, and tidies. This comes in pure white and cream shades, and is very susceptible to all kinds of fancy work. It is particularly desirable for window curtains, having a much richer appearance than the plain goods, and when ornamented with rows of drawn work and embroidery is decidedly handsome. The crossed threads of the goods are one quarter of an inch apart, and the coarse threads are easily drawn and patterns readily marked on it. The fine threads can be taken out between two coarse threads, making just room enough for a row of braidine. If two rows of fine threads are taken out, the decoration may be No. 3 ribbon, drawn in, which forms a very effective curtain.

Easel or chair scarfs are pretty, made with three rows of braidine, run one quarter of an inch apart and half an inch from the edge. Above that is a Grecian border two inches wide, finished with three rows of braidine. When ribbon or braiding is used to ornament these scarfs, it can be easily removed when washed and as easily replaced.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Natal and Orange Free State.

(Natal—Area, 21,150 sq. miles; population, 418,731; ruler, British Governor-General, Sir Henry E. Bulwer. Orange Free State—Area, 70,000 sq. miles; population, 133,518; ruler, President, Sir J. H. Brand.)

NATAL is a British colony situated on the south-east coast of Africa, and bounded by Cape Colony, Orange Free State, and Zulu Land. It occupies the seaward slope of the Drakenberg Mountains, whose foot-hills form a series of plateaus. The climate of the country is healthful, and varies in temperature from the narrow belt of semi-tropical coast, which produces abundant crops of tobacco, cotton, indigo, and sugar-cane, to the temperate levels of the high table-lands, which produce grain and fruit. As elsewhere in the southern hemisphere the winter season is in the months which are midsummer in Europe and America. The rivers are short and unfit for navigation, and the coast presents but one harbor, that of D'Urban or Port Natal. Scarcely one fifteenth of the population are European colonists, the remainder being native blacks. Pietermaritzberg is the capital, and there are several other small but flourishing towns. The trade is largely with Great Britain, and the chief exported articles are wool, raw sugar, hides, and ostrich plumes. The colony has about 200 miles of railways, the property of the State.

Natal received its name from the day of its discovery by the Portuguese, Christmas day, 1497. In 1822 English traders from the Cape came to this coast and found it ruled by the Zulus. Not long afterward the Dutch Boers established themselves in this fertile region, but the English claimed an earlier right to the land, and in 1843 Natal was proclaimed a British colony. In 1856 it became independent of the Cape of Good Hope government and received its executive officer direct from England. Its growth has been slow, and has been impeded by the hostility of the Zulu tribes.

Orange Free State lies just west of Natal, and is separated from that colony by the lofty peaks of the Drakenberg. It is a republic, and was founded by the Boers, the descendants of the original Dutch settlers of the Cape of Good Hope. The Boers refused to accept the British government, which displaced that of Holland at the Cape, and in 1836 the Dutch settlers left the Cape Colony and emigrated northward beyond the Orange River. Here they found broad and well-watered grassy plains, and here they established their republic. Their constitution bears date of April 10, 1854. Bloemfontein is the capital. Wool, hides, and ostrich feathers are the principal exports, and the whites, who number about one half of the entire population, are nearly all dependent upon agriculture for their livelihood. Diamonds have been found, and there are extensive coal fields. Most of the natives are classed in the census returns as "colored servants." The republic clings to many of the customs of ancient Holland, and the frugal nature of its sturdy citizens is reflected in the financial condition of the government. The State is not only out of debt, but owns considerable property, and has a fund invested for the support of schools. The Dutch Reformed Church is the prevailing religious denomination.

Bō'ŏr.
Drak'en-berg.
Nā-tăl'.
Pie-ter-mar'itz-berg (Pee-).
Pōr'tu-guese (-geez).
Zu'lu.

China and the Opium Trade.

FRANCE, the new mistress of Tonquin, has recently made a demand of China which recalls the Opium War of forty years ago. That war grew of out the restrictive measures taken by the Chinese government to prevent the importation of opium. The vicious use of the drug was prevalent in the country, and the action of the government was wise and just. But opium was one of the staple products of British India, and with the great Chinese market closed the poppy-growers and manufacturers of India were threatened with ruin. Their appeal to the home authorities was successful, and Great Britain declared war against China in 1839, with the aim of forcing the emperor to open his ports to the obnoxious traffic. The Chinese were then in a military position far inferior to that which they now hold. Their junks were sunk, their ports bombarded, and their cities captured in spite of their resistance, feeble as it was by reason of their antiquated arms and methods of warfare. In 1842 China sued for peace and agreed to give up Hong-Kong to Great Britain, while opening other ports to the opium trade and paying $21,000,000 to the conquerors toward the expenses of the conquest.

France has now come into possession of a rich opium producing country, lying on the southern boundary of China. Except at the treaty ports the importation of the drug is still prohibited, and thus the inland traffic which would naturally take place between Tonquin and the southern provinces is cut off. The temptation to smugglers has been such as to lead to the establishment of a brisk illicit trade across the frontier, and now France, as the protector of Tonquin, demands that the restrictions shall be removed from the traffic. This request is closely similar to that which Great Britain enforced by arms in the notorious war.

The New York Mayoralty Contest.

IT is seldom that the election of mayor in an American city is an event of more than local importance or interest. But the present campaign in New York city is attracting wide attention for a number of reasons. In the first place, the mayor of America's largest city rules a population greater than that of many States, and the value of the property owned in New York is sufficient to cover the entire national debt. The chief magistracy of such a commonwealth—one half as populous and many times as wealthy as the whole United States in Washington's presidency—is therefore no insignificant office. But the present canvass has an added importance arising from the division of party strength by an organized movement in favor of a candidate pledged to the interests of the labor unions. This leader is Henry George, a man whose books have given him a national reputation. He concludes from careful study that society, as it is now made up, is radically wrong. He believes that all land should belong to the government, and that no individual should have more than a tenant-right in the soil which he occupies. His theories are presented in his books in a captivating style, which has won for him many adherents. He was first named for mayor by a socialist association, and the nomination was indorsed by the convention of the labor unions. Mr. George accepted upon condition that 30,000 votes should be promised him. His friends obtained over 40,000 names for a petition in his behalf; he accepted, and begun at once an earnest canvass.

This complicated the situation. New York is a Democratic city in national elections, but competition for the local offices has created two nearly equal factions—the Tammany and the County Democracy. When it became apparent that Mr. George would draw largely from the Democratic vote, it followed that the sole chance of Democratic success lay in union. Tammany nominated Abram S. Hewitt, a man most acceptable to the County Democrats, who agreed to support him. Mr. Hewitt is a gentleman of ability and tried integrity, and the Republicans were put upon their mettle to equal his nomination. They selected Theodore Roosevelt, a young man not yet thirty years old, but favorably known for three years' energetic service in the Legislature in the direction of reform in the city government. The Prohibition party has also named an excellent candidate, Mr. W. T. Wardwell.

The candidates are all gentlemen of such high character that there have been none of the slanderous attacks which usually disgrace American politics. But both the Democrats and Republicans say that George's election means a triumph of socialism and anarchism, and the worst elements of society; and they conclude that it is the duty of all patriots to rally against such threatened danger. Of course, the Republicans say that either Roosevelt or George will be the next mayor, and the Democrats say the same thing, only substituting the name of Hewitt for that of Roosevelt.

A Brief Survey.

THE strike of the 20,000 pork packers in Chicago terminated Oct. 18, the men returning to work on the terms of their employers, ten hours' work for ten hours' pay.——The town of Biloxi, Miss., has again been quarantined for yellow fever.——The number of lives lost in the disaster of Oct. 12 at Sabine Pass, Tex., and Johnson's Bayou, La., amounts to 250.——Jacob Sharp and the officials of the Broadway street railroad of New York were rearrested Oct. 19 on the charges of giving bribes to the aldermen in 1884.——The annual convention of the Knights of Labor in session at Richmond, Va., adjoined Oct. 20.——Prohibition is to have a fair trial in Atlanta, Ga. The liquor-dealers' licenses have expired, and the mayor has vetoed the council's proposal to allow breweries to deliver beer in the city.——A fire at Salisbury, Md., Oct. 17 destroyed property valued at $1,000,000.——The fire which destroyed the larger part of Eastport, Me., Oct. 14 caused a loss of $800,000.

The report that a practical water route exists between Hudson's Bay and Europe is now denied. The exploring party states that the straits are open but three months in the year, and recommend the abandonment of the scheme of utilizing this route.——The reports of the prevalence of the cholera in Korea are appalling. The death-rate in Seoul, the capital, is said to be 1,000 per day, and the whole kingdom is panic-stricken.——The hurricane on the British coast Oct. 16, 17, was unusually destructive. Many vessels were wrecked and the loss of life was large.——President Grévy of France has decided to annul the recent edict of expulsion against the Duke D'Aumale in consideration of the duke's princely gift of his estates to the French people.

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OUR YOUTH for 1887.

OUR YOUTH enters upon the second year of its existence in December, 1886. It has been from the first the endeavor of the Editor to make OUR YOUTH pure, wholesome, and helpful, the friend and companion of its readers, and the source of an earnest and uplifting influence in the school and in the home. During the coming year the distinctive features of OUR YOUTH will be continued and improved, while the attractions which will be added will increase its popularity and usefulness.

Among the leading literary features of OUR YOUTH for 1887 we may mention the following:

SERIAL STORIES.

Thorn-Apples, a story of Colorado girls. By Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller.

Freddie and His Kindred, a well-told tale of New York city life. By Edgar Fawcett.

And a third serial story for boys.

SHORT STORIES.

Two Christmas Eves—Italy and America. By Mrs. Helen Campbell.

Eric's Ordeal, the trials of a page in the Dominion Parliament. By J. Macdonald Oxley.

Sworn Foes, a sea-side quarrel. By Alice Eddy Curtiss.

"Eureka!" By Sallie E. Ober.

The Story of a Storm. By William Stoddart.

Towed Out to Sea by a Whale. By Edmund Collins.

By Sledge and Canoe. By Rev. E. A. Rand.

How the Mystery was Solved. By Sydney Dayre.

The Drummer Boy of Antietam. By Mrs. M. A. Thurston.

And many others by F. W. Calkins, M. H. Mather, Anna F. Burnham, Clara Marshall, Jennie M. Bingham, etc.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

The Editor Abroad, a series of ten papers. By Dr. J. H. Vincent.

Above the Clouds. The ascent of Popocatepetl, Monte Rosa, Grey's Peak, and the Matterhorn. By Bishop H. W. Warren.

Sights in Asiatic Sea-ports. By Chaplain W. O. Holway, U. S. Navy.

The Head-waters of the Missouri. By Ernest Ingersoll.

An American in Chili. By William Trumbull, Master of Spanish School in Valparaiso.

Bicycle Runs in England, France, and Germany; and Railway Travel in Europe. By George E. Vincent.

Letters from Switzerland. By Abel Stevens, D.D.

Famous London Localities. By Mrs. Emma Dixon.

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Brief Biographies. Fifty-two condensed biographies, presenting an immense amount of information in the smallest possible compass.

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A Pair of Troglodytes. A study of bird-life. By Edith M. Thomas.

European and American Education of Women. By E. S. Nadal, A.M.

Incidents of Biography. By Daniel Wise, D.D.

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SPORT AND ADVENTURE.

"Two to One are Too Many." An incident of the war with Geronimo. By Frank M. White.

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Canadian Winter Sports. Skating, tobogganing, snow-shoeing, and curling. By J. Macdonald Oxley.

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A Night in Hai Phong. A story of the Red River campaign. By Col. W. H. Gilder.

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The Life of the Average Oyster. By D. A. Goodsell, D.D.

A Cosmorama of the Poets. A charity entertainment. By G. B. Bartlett.

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The Editorial Department of OUR YOUTH will open with a series of papers on the amusement question, and will be conducted, as heretofore, by the editor himself.

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Jest and Youthful Jollity.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
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—German professor to careless servant—"Read Cicero's letters on 'Duties,' and next time blacken my boots better!"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

—Poet (to critic)—"Well, how did you like my book?"

Critic—"My dear sir, I can assure you that I never laid down a volume with deeper feelings of pleasure."—*Burlington Free Press.*

—De wise man is allus a-tellin' us whut ter do ter hab good helt, but airter all it peer like de fool outlibs him.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—A woman of Hudson, Mich., heard strange rappings somewhere about her house, and believed that spirits were trying to converse with her. After these noises had continued for a long time she discovered that they were made by a rooster that was pecking at his reflection in a cellar window.—*Chicago News.*

—When Dollar Street in Ponkapog was named, Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, whose summer home is in Ponkapog, protested, as it might be expected that a poet would. "There are," declared Mr. Aldrich, "at least 150 scents in it, and it should be named Dollar-and-a-half Street."—*Boston Post.*

—Glasgow has presented a valuable umbrella to Queen Victoria. Doesn't her majesty know enough to go in when she reigns?—*Norwich Bulletin.*

—"I have gained three pounds in one day," said Robinson.

"How do you account for that?"

"Effect of the climate. I have put on all my heavy clothes."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Fogg—"Glad to see you back, parson, indeed I am. I don't believe there's one of your flock who has missed you mor'n I have."

Minister—"It does break in on a congregation, doesn't it, Brother Fogg, to have the shepherd absent?"

Fogg—"Yes, indeed, parson. As I was saying to wife yesterday, people can't stand it always to have their regular sleep interfered with."—*Tid-Bits.*

—Grocer—"I don't have to crack up that butter, Uncle Rastus, it sells itself."

Uncle Rastus (testing it)—"Yes, sah, dat butter oughter sell itself, tie up itself, d'liver itself, eat itself, an' still have strength nuff lef' ter diges' itself. Wot yo' cha'gin' fo' axle grease dis mawnin', Mister Scales?"—*N. Y. Sun.*

—St. Louis visitor—"What's that stuff?"

Boston hotel waiter—"That's Cochituate, sir."

St. L. V.—"I told you I wanted a glass of water."

B. H. W.—"That's water, sir."

St. L. V.—"That's water? My friend, you can't play that on me. I'm from St. Louis. I aint a Yank. Water's yallow, an' I want you to get me some."—*Boston Beacon.*

—"That Parisian trick—the Vanishing Lady—that Herrmann does is a great one," said Jones. "He covers a lady with a veil, and after a little maneuvering removes the veil, and the lady has disappeared."

"That's nothing to a young lady in our boarding house," answered Brown. "I have seen ten or twelve persons in the parlor, and this young lady come in, sit down to the piano, and begin to play and sing. In two minutes all the rest had disappeared. Talk about Herrmann! He aint a patch to her."—*Exchange.*

—Herr Strauss (yawning)—"How you vas, Hans? You don't know nobody no more, aind it?"

Hans—"Mine frent, if you vas shut your mouth so I can see your face den mebbe I can tell who you vas."—*The Judge.*

—A bargain sign stopped a procession of vehicles in Tremont Street, the other day, in an amusing way, opposite a noted dry goods establishment. A woman whose weight could not have been less than 300, generous measure, rose slowly and majestically in her place in the street car and looked eagerly out of the window. The conductor marked the attitude and pulled the strap. The car came to a standstill, and the stout woman descended with much force on a feeble-looking passenger next her.

"Don't you wish to get out," cried out the conductor in a rather irritated way.

"Of course not. I only wanted to see what that bargain in socks was!"—*Boston Record.*

—A Missouri burglar, while attempting to enter a house, had his lower jaw shot off. A local paper in describing the affair said the victim "resolutely refused to talk."

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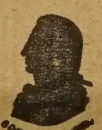

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